The Holy Grail of...Love

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The Holy Grail of...Love

by lefemmerouge

Summary

When Scarlet declared to Constance that she loved her, she thought that she only saw her as a friend. Then, she made events happen a certain way, so that she would meet Constance again. She even cursed herself, as she stared into Constance's face before her untimely demise, following the advice of an easily manipulated priest, Dominic Hamsworth. When she saw her in the flesh once more, it hit her like a freight train. She realized what she had long denied: she had a huge crush on a woman that was set to be married to a male military officer. What could she do? How can she handle these new feelings? And will... the low-ranked noble reciprocate them... or not?

Notes

Happy April 26th! Also, happy Lesbian Visibility Day, which marks the end of Lesbian Visibility Week (runs from April 20 to April 26). Also, today is the Memorial Day of Radiation Accidents and Catastrophes and World Intellectual Property Day. The latter day is more relevant to this fic than the former day. I revised this fic from the former version, adding additional wording when posting it on here.

When seeing the prompt "Any fandom, any ship, making a 'straight' woman realize she's into women", by wishb0ne, on a certain site, I had a few ideas: Kim Possible and Shego; Monique and Kim Possible; and Riley Anderson and Val Ortiz. However, after watching the finale of The Holy Grail of Eris, I was totally blown away when Scarlet openly said she LOVED Constance, I immediately thought: oh that is so damn gay. Of course, the script writers attempted to spin this in the "oh they are very close and only friends" way. Even so, the yuri subtext was very strong for me in more ways than one. This fic **fulfills** wishb0ne's prompt.

I wanted to have fun with this ffic, focusing on a ship for a series which only has ONE fic on here, published in August 2020, entitled "Holy Grail of Eros" (listed in inspirations). That fic is by desocupado, is explicit and has underage sex. Even so, it is somewhat of an inspiration.

Otherwise, this story was further inspired by postings on Tumblr by averinna (here and here), mossysjournnal, ladyloveandjustice, beyondthegate, and nijigasakilove (here, here, and here).

The anime's official website calls Scarlet a "deceased figure—now a ghost—who was executed ten years ago for allegedly plotting the attempted assassination of the Crown Princess. Possessing striking beauty, she is arrogant and haughty; yet, she exudes a mysterious allure that draws people to her—for better or for worse. She possesses an exceptional memory, retaining every minute detail of anything she has seen, even just once."

Part of that character description is present in this fic. In addition, all reviews on ANN for the anime, particularly "The Best Anime of Winter 2026," "The Winter 2026 Anime Preview Guide - The Holy Grail of Eris ," "The Most Anticipated Anime of Winter 2026," give her first name as "Scarlett," including the episode reviews by Rebecca Silverman, so I used that name in the version on a certain site. However, for consistency sake, here, I am calling her "Scarlet."

As a warning, there will be spoilers for this anime adaptation, particularly the final episode , i.e. the series finale.

As always, comments and constructive criticism are welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Holy Grail of Eros by desocupado

Scarlet was unsure what to think of herself. These feelings had been building inside of her. They hit her like a fast-moving locomotive: she was crushing on her friend Constance. This friend, who was also known as Connie, had a fiancé named Randolph Ulster. How could she hold this in? Could she even do so? Late one night, she decided to mess with her friend. She wanted to determine what her true feelings were. It was the only way she'd know for sure.

Connie was sitting on her bed. She was contemplating everything that had happened and how her good friend had saved her *yet again*. She really thought she had lost her. She had cried uncontrollably the night after Scarlet disappeared in front of her. Perhaps she should have expected it. Even so, to see a friend who helped her through so much, a friend she had a strong bond with, more than what she had ever expected, evaporate into nothing, horrified her in so many ways. That night, the night that Scarlet had disappeared, it kept replaying in her mind over and over again. She barely even got any sleep. How could she? She almost felt that she didn't have the right to sleep.

She suddenly felt a cold touch on her chin. She hadn't even noticed that *she* had come in. Maybe she had been thinking too much. Her friend had floated around like an apparition. In her typical way, she chuckled. Her rich purple eyes stared right at her. Her pale skin felt on edge. "Your green eyes look *so amazing* today," she said, catching Connie off guard. She wasn't prepared for how to deal with a compliment like that, especially since it was completely unexpected.

"Thanks, Scarlet," she said, while sweetly smiling and tilting her head. Surely, she knew that this woman was dead or at least it *seemed* like she was. She had heard that ghosts only stay on Earth when they have unfinished business. She had *thought* that her friend had completed her revenge. While she was grateful to be saved when that awful girl, Pamela, tried to stab her, she was unsure why Scarlet had left, and why she came back when she did. Was there a reason she had come back? If she had known the truth, she might have been shocked. It was an open question as to whether she'd tell her or not. Of course, it was up to her if she told her the truth.

Floating across the room, Scarlet decided to be a little devious. She nearly snickered. Her sharp glare studied Connie closely. She moved close to this *pale beauty*. She planted her mouth on Connie's cheek, giving her a peck. The woman immediately became flushed, especially because her purple-haired friend was so close and due to what she had done to her cheek. Why in the world had she done that? Why was she doing this to her? She was complete panic mode.

"S-S-Scarlet...what was that...kiss about?" The woman snorted in response. She shook her head. How could this woman be *so dense*? "Oh, Connie, I only wanted to thank you for all you've done for me...to show my *appreciation*..." she started to say. Her voice began to drift off. Connie was still a bit confused. She had to know. She blurted it out. "Is this...about when you said that you loved me? I thought that was a thing that friends said to one another..."

Her friend pouted. She couldn't believe her! Why would she ever see it that way! What in the world gave her that damn idea? She was not happy about how she said this or what she was implying. She hated it. She smiled like a villainess. She wanted to show her what it meant

while making it clear to her friend that she was totally wrong. She planned to knock her off kilter. She shook her finger and moved her head from side to side. She had to show her that she meant business and that she was serious about how she felt. "Oh, Connie. I *never* meant it that way. I love you in the deepest way possible...more than I could with anyone. I never even thought it would even be possible."

She paused. "I want to do *certain things* with you...that I'd *never dream* of doing with another soul." Her friend was starting to catch her drift. Her face became flushed again. "You...want to have...sex with me? You really are an evil seductress!" Scarlet laughed so hard. She couldn't believe herself. Was this woman really thinking of that? "Come on, Connie. What do you take me for? I only wanted to kiss you *properly*...like you did with *Randolph*," she said as her cheeks became a bit pink. She placed her hands on her hips and floated around in a belligerent manner. She began showing off more of her bosom in an increasingly immodest way, almost to unnerve her more.

Now, this *really annoyed* Connie. She didn't like what she was saying about her. She shouted back. "I haven't kissed *anyone*! Not even him!" She then said, under her breath. "I couldn't do that to someone as beautiful as you." She paused. Her friend had such a commanding presence. Surely, she was a spectral companion, but she cared little about that. Scarlet was a bit surprised. Her grin started to widen. She leaned toward her. Connie couldn't keep her eyes away. She was wondering why she was looking away. Her heart was beating faster and faster. What was going on with her? "Do you want to kiss me...just for...*practice*...you know?" Scarlet said.

Connie didn't know what to tell her. Should she agree to what this woman wanted? She couldn't get rid of this warmth. As she looked into her friend's enticing, taunting smile, and her narrow, yet calculating eyes, she said, softly, "okay." Her friend's eyebrows raised slightly. She hadn't expected this response. But she was willing to work with it. She moved her mouth closer and tried to wrap her hands around Connie. While this was a challenge since she was a ghost, she wanted to give it a try regardless. Her friend closed her eyes in anticipation. She grinned smugly. Her lips touched that of her friend, who could feel the coldness on her mouth. Maybe she wasn't being a "good girl," but that was okay.

After only about a minute or so, her friend started to back away. Connie's eyes snapped open. She saw Scarlet floating closer and closer to the door, almost about to leave the room. "W-W-Why'd you stop?" she gasped. Scarlet shook her head. "I'm trying to prove to you that this isn't some one sided thing...that *you* have feelings for me too." Her friend didn't know what she should say. Should she acknowledge it outright? Or should she deny it? "I-I-I have never kissed anyone in my entire life! I want to do it *again*!" Her friend teased her. She loved doing this. "Oh you Grails are so honest...I guess you like a little *depravity*...I'm glad to teach you...since...I have experience with this kind of thing...after all."

As she stared at the dark-haired ghost, whose wide eyes looked at her own, she didn't know what she meant. Then it came to her. "Did you...do this with...Lily? Is that why you were annoyed when you heard she married Randolph?" She huffed. She didn't want to admit it. She hemmed and hawed. She then shrugged. "Yeah, I had a crush on her...but she was *too pious*...she kept thinking that I only wanted to be *good friends* with her or something." She twirled her hair. She stared right at Connie. "You are...different." She breathed deeply. "I want

to surprise you, *Constance Grail*...in ways that you couldn't even comprehend." Her friend was unsure how to take that. She wanted to get a jump on it.

She came in and planted a kiss on her friend's cheek. It felt cold. She didn't mind the sensation. She'd never kissed a specter in her entire life, at least not before Scarlet had just kissed that very night. This was new. Some would have thought she was weird for doing this, but she did not care what their opinions were about her. Scarlet was not expecting this. She smirked and titled her head. Connie had seized the opportunity. She did something that her friend would usually do, rather than her. "Oh Connie, I guess you got the jump on me...what a *dastardly* girl you are...I can't believe you got the first move on me...this time...maybe I taught you too well."

Connie was completely flushed. She waved her hands back and forth, in a failed attempt to defend herself. How could she ever explain this? She wasn't sure. Even so, she thought she'd try to explain it. "I-I-I, I just wanted to thank you...and I...uh...well...think about you all the time." Scarlet put her hand on her head and stared right at her. She used her other hand in a circular motion, giving the impression that she should tell her more. Connie was a bit nervous about this. She blurted out her response without thinking about it much. Her words came flowing out of her and she couldn't stop them. She said what she wanted to say.

"I...don't know! I've *never* felt this way about a woman in my entire life! It's *different* than when I'm around Randolph...I feel something *deeper* with you...a stronger connection, like I want to be with you forever." Scarlet wanted to keep prodding her about what she wanted. She didn't plan on possessing her, not this time. She'd only do that if Connie fully agreed to it. She didn't want to take her autonomy away. With a soft and husky voice, the dark-haired ghost wanted to push her, although not too far. In this society, these kinds of relationships were not generally favored, although they weren't outlawed. She had to ask her directly. "So...you love me, *Miss Constance Grail*?"

Connie debated whether she should hide how she felt. She decided to be honest *this time*. She couldn't take it back. "Yes, I do! So much!" She covered her mouth almost immediately after thinking she had made a grave mistake. Should she have said nothing? Why did she say she loved her? What had she done? Had she ruined what they had between them? Was she being good? What about their age gap? All these questions swirled around in her head and none of them had easy answers. Perhaps it wasn't right to dwell on all of this. Maybe she should just accept it, and then... At that moment, the ghost whispered in her ear, surprising her once more.

"Oh, well, I'll give it to you then, Connie...don't you worry...you'll have experiences with me that no man, not even Randolph, can ever give to you. *I can promise you* that." Connie knew she was right. Women could do things that men could not. She wasn't sure about any sort of... sexual intercourse. Even so, she wanted to explore what they meant to one another. She wasn't sure where it would lead. At the same time, she felt a bit excited. She had to do this now. What if Scarlet disappeared *again*? She didn't want to think about that. However, if she didn't express how she really felt, if she didn't share her true feelings, she'd have so much regret. She would be able to stand it.

"Well, Miss Scarlet Castiel, I'll be ready for you...tell me all you know...since you are such a *mature woman*." Her friend, or perhaps now *something more*, was happy to hear this. She picked up Connie like a princess, who began blushing uncontrollably. What was she doing to her? Rather than a predatory gleam, she saw her friend smirking at her for displaying her emotions so openly. She wouldn't cringe. She wanted to have what *she deserved*. As Scarlet hovered in the air, she couldn't believe this was happening to her. When she had first seen Scarlet before her execution, she instantly thought that she looked amazingly pretty. She couldn't get that image out of her head.

"As you wish, your *nobleness*," Scarlet teased. Her blonde-haired friend would have expressed her annoyance. However, she chose not to. This time she'd put up with the teasing. All the while, Scarlet had a secret. She had not told her that that all of this had been a time loop of sorts, creating a sort of time paradox. She was afraid telling her would break her friend's mind. She knew she had to tell her *sometime*. She was not pleased with the fact that she was ghost forever, with her life robbed due to some awfulness. Surely she, her best friend, Cici, and others, *deserved better*. As for Connie, she had not told her something that she had kept inside. She felt that she should tell the truth, at least this time.

She almost started to cry. She was starting to see how her feelings for her friend were much different than those for Randolph. There was no doubt in her mind. She wiped her face. "When you disappeared, Scarlet, I-I-I was so upset...I almost lost it completely...I felt like a part of myself was being torn away...even Randolph couldn't calm me down...I *cried myself to sleep*." Her ghost friend was overwhelmed. She immediately came in and tightly hugged her. She was so glad to be there with her. She didn't feel bad about confessing her love. She was glad that she had come back to her. She hadn't been sure about Connie at first. Over time, she had gotten close to her. Their bond was incredibly strong now.

"I didn't know you went through all that..." She paused. "Whatever we are to one another, whether I'm your lover, your best friend, your sister, or anything else, I want us to be together, always." Connie smiled back at her. Whether she now had what some later called a lavender marriage with Randolph, or not, that didn't matter to her. In parlance of the present day, some would say that they'd never be convinced that she was straight. Those sorts of words, and words like "yuri," "lesbian," "aromantic," or "girlfriend" (in a romantic sense) were not used in this society, even though the concepts themselves existed. Beyond those words, Scarlet and Connie cared about each other deeply.

Society pushed men to be with women, and vice versa, forcing people into marriages and relationships for political or economic reasons. As for Connie and Scarlet, one was a ghost and another was in the world of living. Even so, they could be together. Scarlet had not told her what her "unfinished business" was: to be with her, romantically, until she died. She had, *somehow*, been able to convince the massive bureaucracy of god-like figures, and their disciples, who made these decisions, though a labyrinthine process of filing out forms, that she could return to the living world. She never thought they'd agree. Connie didn't mind being haunted by a ghost who loved her fully and with her entire being.

As she came close to her friend, she smiled at her so brightly that she almost shined. "I *love you*, Constance Grail," she said, once again, this time with *as much* feeling as had when she faded away into nothing all those nights ago. She wouldn't let anything threaten her comfort.

She rested her hand on her chin, with her eyes staring right at her friend. Connie couldn't help herself. "And I *love you*, Miss Scarlet Castiel." She was almost giddy. As her ghost friend studied the contours of her face, she stared into her eyes longingly, wanting this to never end. They were lucky that Randolph didn't come in, partially because he had insisted on them having separate living quarters. Connie didn't mind.

They both remained in a close embrace. Connie soon fell asleep. Scarlet placed the sheets over her, so she could have a peaceful slumber. She sat on the bed aside her, watching her best friend, or what could become much more than that, if that's what she wanted. She wouldn't be going anywhere else. Her quest to get revenge on those who had falsely accused her was *over*. Her new mission, to be with this sincere and honest noble, has just begun...

End Notes

Prior to publishing this fic, I realized there is some inconsistency on how her first name is spelled. The official websites for the sequel manga, light novel, web novel, and manga call her "Scarlett," but the official website for the anime calls her "Scarlet," as do some postings about the light novel and manga on Anime News Network (such as "The Best Manga and Light Novels of 2023" and "The Holy Grail of Eris GN 1"), while others (like "The Spring 2022 Light Novel Guide," "The Holy Grail of Eris Novel 2," "The Holy Grail of Eris Novel 3," use the name "Scarlett". Similarly, while the review of episode one by Anime Feminist calls her "Scarlet," the three-episode check-in calls her "Scarlett," as does the official Yen Press page, official Crunchyroll description, and pages on My Anime List, TV Tropes, Wikipedia (for the series), Otaku USA, Prime Video, and TV Time.

This story was additionally inspired by postings on Tumblr by beeftony, claidi, stellafrin (here, here, here, and here), stacotto, and medicangels, to give a few examples of those who primarily pointed to yuri subtext in this anime.

This fic was originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was sadly perma-banned on April 17th for mishandling interactions with a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin (and others). As such, I would strongly recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

I did not want this fic to be lost. I have not included some tags I had on Sunset (like Prompt Fill, Sunset's Femslash Refresh 2026, Exclusive to Sunset, Falling For the Straight GirlTM, and Other (Male) Characters Are Mentioned), but others have been retained. On Sunset this fic was listed as part of two series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection" and "Catgirls, Tattoos, and Everything Nice: My Assorted SPOP Fics." A copy of this fic is also available on the Internet Archive. In the original version, I listed kera's "(No title: collage of animals)" in the inspirations, but I do not want to promote that site, so that inspiration has been removed.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!